

Hazel Green Herald.

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HAZEL GREEN, KY.

CONQUERED WITHOUT A SHOT.

Sir William Macgregor Gains the Mastery Over Rebellious Natives.

One of the best men who ever headed a colonial enterprise is Sir William Macgregor, who was appointed first administrator of British New Guinea four years ago. He is a man of great energy and enthusiasm, manages the natives with much tact, has an explorer's zest in the pursuit of geographical facts, and has done more than any other man to make the interior of southern New Guinea known to the world. Here is an incident that gives an insight into Sir William's way of dealing with savage tribes:

The people of the Sumal district had attacked their neighbors, the Demory tribe. A chief of the Demory tribe met the attacking party and told them that his people were friendly to "Government," meaning Sir William and his rule, and that Sumal had better not fight its neighbors, because the government would be sure to inflict punishment. Then the chief pointed to the shirt which he wore as being a government shirt. The Sumal men replied that they did not care a fig for the government or government shirts, and one of them drew his bow and shot the unfortunate chief clean through the body, a feat which is often achieved by New Guinea bowmen.

Sir William decided that the Sumal warriors must receive a lesson in good manners. As soon as possible he landed a force in their district. He told the men that they attacked people who were orderly and well-behaved and that they must suffer for it. He advised them to get ready to fight. They replied that they did not wish to fight. Sir William made answer that a fight was necessary in order to ascertain who was to be master in future. They would not obey the government, and now the government intended to find out whether it could make them obey.

"My guns are loaded and ready," said Sir William, "now you get all your weapons and we will have a fight and settle the question who is master."

Sir William had brought with him quite a number of men from neighboring tribes to whom the Sumal people had boasted that if the whites came against them their heads should rot on poles in Sumal. The natives, however, had now lost their boastful vein. It was a great humiliation for them to beg for mercy in the presence of their neighbors. But they did beg most lustily. They said the government should be master from that day and that they would always listen to its commands.

Sir William would not promise to pardon them. He told them, however, that he would not fight them, but he would return to them in three weeks to see if they had carried out the orders he was about to give them. He selected from them two men as chiefs and two men as policemen and told them they were to be his agents in seeing that the people kept at peace with their neighbors. The Sumal men had treated the teacher who had been sent among them with contempt and neglect. Sir William told them that the church and schoolhouse which the teacher had tried to build must be completed by the time he returned. Then he went away, and three weeks later, upon his return, he found the church and schoolhouse completed, the teacher carrying on his work under very pleasant conditions, and the people living in amity with all their neighbors. "I do not believe," says Sir William Macgregor, "that this tribe will again molest any of their neighbors." They had been conquered, and the white governor had not shed a drop of blood.—N. Y. Herald.

A Light Meal.

Wearry Ruggles—Did yer git anythin' ter eat?

Tatterton Torne—Yes; and it wuz the lightest meal I ever struck. Yer see, I tackled the old woman for a feed. She said she didn't have nothin' for me, and I wuz givin' her a piece of me mind, when the old man came out and made me eat me words.—Puck.

An Uneasy Brute.

Perdita—Did you refuse him?

Penelope—Why.

Priscilla—Why?

Penelope—He had a ring with him that just fitted me. If he had had the faintest inclination to be complimentary, he would have had one that was too small.—Truth.

Evils of Drink.

Mrs. Doods—So your husband is at home with a headache? What is the matter?

Mrs. Poddas (a confiding woman)—Too much ice-water. He drank three glasses this morning before breakfast.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Regular Programmes.

Little Mabel—If you don't stop, I'll tell mamma, and she'll tell papa, and then papa will whip you.

Little Johnny—Then I'll cry, and grandma will give me some candy, and I won't give you any.—Good News.

Summer Girls.

"So you have had some experience with men this summer."

"Well, yes. I refused seven and accepted five."—Life.

GOD'S FINGER.

The Pointing of It a Very Interesting Study.

Which Men and Nations Will Do Well to Pursue—God's Hand Is Mighty and Is Recognized by All—Talmage's Sermon.

The capacity of the Brooklyn Tabernacle was tested Sunday morning by the crowd that filled it in every part as soon as the doors were opened. After commenting on several passages of Scripture illustrative of God's providential dealings, Dr. Talmage gave out the hymn beginning—

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

His sermon was on the text Exodus viii, 10: "The finger of God."

Pharaoh was sulking in his marble throne room at Memphis; plague after plague had come, and some times the Egyptian monarch was disposed to do better, but at the lifting of each plague he was as bad as before. The neuro-mancers of the palace, however, were compelled to recognize the divine movement, and, after one of the most exasperating plagues of all the series, they cried out in the words of my text: "This is the finger of God."

We all recognize the hand of God, and know it is a mighty hand. Have you thought how the hand of God keeps millions and millions of round worlds, vastly larger than our world, flying for centuries without letting one fall?

To me gestulation is natural; if a stranger accost you on the street and ask you the way to some place it is as natural as for you to breathe to lift your forefinger this way or that. But in every exigency of our life, if we will only look, we will find a providential pointing, so that we may confidently say: "This is the finger of God."

For much that concerns us we have no responsibility, and we need not make appeal to the Lord for directions.

If a man grows in grace, it is generally before he gets \$100,000, or after he loses it. If a man has plenty of railroad securities, and has applied to his banker for more; if the lots have gone up 50 per cent. in value; if he had hard work to get the door of his fire-proof safe shut because of a new roll of securities he put in there just before locking up at night; if he is speculating in a falling market or rising market, and things take for him a right turn, he does not grow in grace much that week. Do you know what made the great revival of 1857, when more people were converted to God, probably, than in any year since Christ was born? It was the defalcations and bankruptcies that swept American prosperity so flat that it could fall no flatter. I am speaking of whole-souled men. Such men are so broken by calamity that they are humbled and fly to God for relief.

Nothing but trial will turn such men from earth to Heaven. It is only through clouds and darkness and whirlwind of disaster such a man can see the finger of God.

A most interesting, as well as a most useful study, is to watch the pointing of the finger of God. In the seventeenth century South Carolina was yielding resin and turpentine and tar as her chief productions. But Thomas Smith noticed that the ground near his house in Charleston was very much like the places in Madagascar where he had raised rice, and some of the Madagascar rice was sown there and grew so rapidly that South Carolina was led to make rice her chief production. Can you not see the finger of God in that incident? Rev. John Fletcher, of England, many will know, was one of the most useful ministers of the Gospel who ever preached. Before conversion he had joined the army and had bought his ticket on the ship for South America. The morning he was to sail some one spilled on him a kettle of water and he was so wounded he could not go. He was very much disappointed, but the ship he was going to sail on went out and never was heard of again. Who can doubt that God was arranging the life of John Fletcher?

Was it merely accidental that Richard Rodda, a Cornish miner, who was on his knees praying, remained unhurt, though heavy stones fell before him and on either side of him, and another fell on the top of these so as to make a roof over him?

St. Felix escaped martyrdom by crawling through a hole in the wall across which the spiders immediately afterward wove a web. His persecutors saw the hole in the wall, but the spider's web put them off the track.

Nations would also do well to watch for the finger of God. What does the cholera scare in America mean? Some say it means that the plague will sweep our land next summer. I do not believe a word of it. There will be no cholera here next summer. Four or five summers ago there were those who said it would surely be here the following summer because it was on the way. But it did not come. The sanitary precautions established here will make next summer unusually healthful.

But it is evident to me that the finger of God is in this cholera scare, and that He is pointing this nation to something higher and better. It has been demonstrated as never before that we are in the hands of God. He allowed the plague to come within our gates and then halted it.

But I notice that this finger of God almost always and in almost every thing points forward and not backward. And

now the same finger of God is pointing the world upward to the same Redeemer and forward to the time of His universal domination. My hearers, get out of the habit of looking back and looking down, and look up and look forward. It is useful once in awhile to look back, but you had better, for most part of your time, stop reminiscence and begin anticipation. We have, none of us, hardly begun yet. If we love the Lord and trust Him—and you may all love Him and trust Him from this moment on—we no more understand the good things ahead of us than a child at school studying his A B C can understand what that has to do with his reading John Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" or Dante's "Divine Comedy."

The satisfactions and joys we have as yet had are like the musical boy makes with his first lesson on the violin compared with what is evoked from his great orchestra by my dear and illustrious friend, Patrick Gilmore, when he lifted his baton and all the strings vibrated, and all the trumpets pealed forth, and all the flutes caroled, and all the drums rolled, and all the hoofs of the cavalry charge, which he imitated, were in full feat. Look ahead. The finger of God points forward.

"Oh, but," says some one, "I am getting old and I have a touch of rheumatism in that foot, and I believe something is the matter with my heart, and I can not stand as much as I used to."

Well, I congratulate you, for that shows that you are getting nearer to the time when you are going to enter immortal youth and be strong enough to hurl off the battlements of Heaven any bandit, who, by unheard of burglary, might break into the Golden City. "But," says some one, "I feel so lonely. The most of my friends are gone, and the bereavements of life have multiplied until this world that was once so bright to me has lost its charms." I congratulate you, for, when you go, there will be fewer here to hold you back, and more there to pull you in.

Look ahead. The finger of God is pointing forward. We sit here in church and by hymn and prayer and sermon and Christian association we try to get into a frame of mind that will be acceptable to God and pleasant to ourselves. But what a stupid thing it is all compared with what it will be when we have gone beyond Psalm book and sermon and Bible, and we know our last imperfection is gone, in the presence of that charm of the universe—the blessed Christ—and have him look in our face and say: "I have been watching you and sympathizing with you and helping you all these years, and now you are here. Go where you please and never know a sorrow and never shed a tear. This is your mother now—she is coming to greet you—and there is your father and there are your children. Sit down under this tree of life, and on the banks of this river talk it all over." I tell you there will be more joy in one minute of that than in fifty years of earthly exultation. Look ahead. Look at the finest house on earth and know that you will have a finer one in Heaven. Look up the healthiest person you can find and know you will yet be healthier. Look up the one who has the best eye-sight of any one you have ever heard of and know you will have better vision.

My friends, I do not know how we are going to stand it—I mean the full rush of that splendor. Last summer I saw Moscow, in some respects the most splendid city under the sun. The emperor afterward asked me if I had seen it, for Moscow is the pride of Russia. I told him yes, and that I had seen Moscow burn. I will tell you what I meant. After examining 900 brass cannons which were picked out of the snow after Napoleon retreated from Moscow, each cannon deep cut with the letter "N."

I ascended a tower of some 250 feet just before sunset, and on each platform there were bells, large and small, and I climbed up among the bells, and then, as I reached the top, all the bells underneath me began to ring, and they were joined by the bells of 1,400 towers and domes and turrets.

Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a sweet tintinnabulation that seemed to bubble in the air, and others thundered forth boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens—sounds so weird, so sweet, so awful, so grand, so charming, so tremendous, so soft, so rippling, so reverberating; and they seemed to wreathe, and whirl, and rise, and sink, and burst, and roll, and mount, and die.

When Napoleon saw Moscow burn it could not have been more brilliant than when I saw all the 1,400 turrets aflame with the sunlit roofs of gold and walls of malachite and architecture of all colors, mingling the brown of autumnal forests and the blue of summer heavens, and the conflagration of morning skies and the green of rich meadows, and the foam of tossing seas.

The mingling of so many colors with so many sounds was an entrancement much too much for human nerves or human eyes or human ears. I expect to see nothing to equal it until you and I see Heaven. But that will surpass it and make the memory of what I saw that July evening in Moscow almost tame and insipid. All Heaven aglow and all Heaven a-ringing, not in the sunset, but in the sunrise. Voices of our own kindred mingling with the doxologies of empires. Organs of eternal worship responding to the trumpets that have awakened the dead. Nations in white.

INCREASE OF CRIME.

The State of Affairs as Revealed by England's Police Statistics.

At the present moment the police system in all its branches costs England close upon four millions a year, and it is incredible to suppose that constant additions should be made to this grievous financial burden without imperative need. In short, police statistics are a striking confirmation of prison statistics and the statistics of trials, and all of them point with singular unanimity to the conclusion that crime during the last thirty years, for which we possess official returns, has not decreased in gravity, and has been steadily developing in magnitude.

The true explanation of this unsatisfactory state of things is not far to seek. It is almost entirely to be attributed to the growing tendency of the community to become concentrated in large cities. A highly-concentrated population fosters lawless and immoral instinct in such a multitude of ways that it is only an expression of literal exactitude to call the great cities of to-day the nurseries of modern crime. Statistics of all kinds show this, but it can be easily ascertained without the aid of any figures. The aggregation of large multitudes within a very limited area must increase the chances of conflict, and consequently multiply the occasions for crime. A population in this crowded condition has also to be restrained and regulated at every turn by a huge network of laws, and as every new law forbids something which was permitted before, a multiplication of laws is inevitably followed by an increase of crime. In addition to these evils, which are inherent in the constitution of large cities, the immense concentration of property within them generates a host of temptations, and a thiefing class is developed possessing boundless opportunities for plunder and for the comparatively safe disposal of it. A highly-concentrated population also augments the volume of crime by the creation of a large degenerate caste.—Nineteenth Century.

PRETTY GOOD YARN.

"Fish Stories" Will Have to Take a Back Seat Now.

A broker, who is well known on the New York stock exchange for his proclivities as a practical joker, made considerable fun for some of his associates. He is sojourning in the country at present and dispensing hospitality to numbers of his comrades. He is rated among them as a particularly bad marksman, and so it was that when he took a number of them around back of the barn, a few mornings since, and showed them a target painted on the back of the barn and a bullet imbedded in the very center of the bull's-eye, the first inquiry was:

"Who fired that shot?"

"I fired it, and from a distance of two hundred yards, too," was his earnest reply.

"Oh! rats, rats."

"Come off, now."

"You could not hit the barn at that distance."

But he persisted in his assertion, and finally suggested that perhaps some of his friends would like to bet on it. He got two bets, one for a dinner for the crowd and another for a case of champagne. He then brought out two witnesses who solemnly declared that they had seen the shot fired by him from a distance of two hundred yards and from a rifle. The witnesses were beyond suspicion and the bets were paid.

During the jubilee that followed the broker confessed that he had painted the target on the barn after he had fired the shot.—N. Y. Herald.

One Question Settled.

"Joshua," said Mrs. Chugwater, "I don't like to speak of anything unpleasant, but Peggy's conduct has become unbearable, and I shall have to hunt for another girl. When a serious difference arises between a cook and her mistress—"

"Eh?" said Mr. Chugwater, looking up from his newspaper, dimly conscious that something in the nature of a problem had been presented for his consideration. "What is it, Maria? Difference between a cook and her mistress? That's easy. One cooks the steak and the other stokes the cook."

And he buried himself in his newspaper again.—Chicago Tribune.

A Light Meal.

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Tatterton Torne—Yes; and it wuz the lightest meal I ever struck. Yer see, I tackled the old woman for a feed. She said she didn't have nothin' for me, and I wuz givin' her a piece of me mind, when the old man came out and made me eat me words.—Puck.

An Uneasy Brute.

Perdita—Did you refuse him?

Penelope—Why.

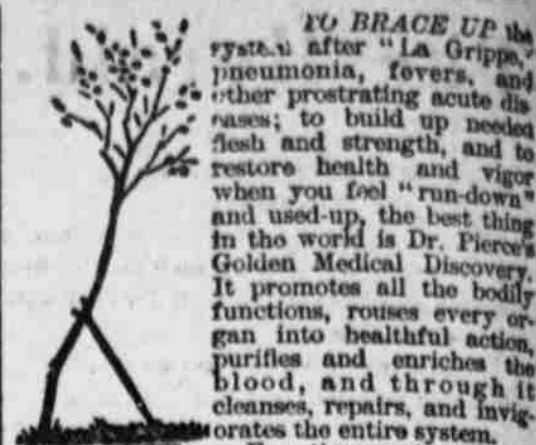
Priscilla—Why?

Penelope—He had a ring with him that just fitted me. If he had had the faintest inclination to be complimentary, he would have had one that was too small.—Truth.

After Months of Waiting.

Miss Ella Derby—My sister Mary's husband gave her an engagement ring two weeks after he met her.

Mr. Dulman (who has been a steady caller two years)—It doesn't take a man long to propose when he has an idea of marrying.—Jewelry Weekly.



Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? It is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, we'll pay you \$500 in cash."

Dr. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Pain in the Back, joints or hips, sediment in urine like brick-dust, frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.

Kidney Complaint, Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine.

Urinary Troubles, Stinging sensations when voiding, distress pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture.

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Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size, "Invader's Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.



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Picture "7, 17, 79" and sample dose free. J. F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, NEW YORK.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

When applied to the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It always inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

TRY THE CURE. A particle is applied through nostrils and is absorbed. Price 30 cents at druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 90 Warren Street, New York.



TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is guaranteed waterproof, and will keep you dry in the heaviest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is put on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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TRADE MARK. KILLS ALL PAIN 25c A BOTTLE. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure you.